

Eng. Poetry vol 25



THE
Lady of *BRUMPTON*,
AND
Knight of *MALTA*.
A
Gallant *TALE*.



THE GENTLEMAN

OF BRUMPTON

AND
KINGDOM

A
GALLANT TALE

OF THE

Pr

3^d

T H E

LADY of BRUMPTON,

A N D

Brompton.

Knight of M A L T A. *K*

A

Gallant T A L E.

*Level at Beauty and at Wit,
The fairest Mark is soonest hit.
Hudibras.*



L O N D O N,

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F. H. E.

LADY OF BRUMPTON

AND

Knight of MALTA

A

GILBERT TALE

THE
HISTORICAL
AND
GEOGRAPHICAL
DESCRIPTION
OF
THE
CITY
OF
LONDON
AND
THE
COUNTY
OF
MIDDLESEX
IN
THE
SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY



1702

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THE
LADY of BRUMPTON.



CERTAIN Knight of *Malta*
Standard,

That over half the Globe had
wander'd,

In search of *Hydra's* and *Chimera's*;
Or any Monster that might scare us ;
Beat Baily's twice, and twice broke Prison,
In Days of *Tore*, when Men had Reason ;
But now of latter Years possess
With Love, and chang'd from Man to Beast ;
Wou'd ev'ry Morn, as Morn return'd,
With folded Arms and Looks concern'd,

2 *The Lady of Brumpton.*

In Pageant State and Heroe Straddle,
And Face as bright as scower'd Ladle,
By *Kathrine's* Chamber Window go,
(The Gentle *Belle* who do's not know?)

The Gentle Belle of *Brumpton-Hall*,
Had many Suiters at her Call ;
Of many Sorts and many Fashions,
And of as many different Nations;
French Esp'rit Beaux, and store of *Spanisht*,
And *Norman Black*, and *Carrot Danish* ;
Some *English* too, but few of them,
For Gentle *Belle's* that get a Fame,
Love all things foreign to a Name.

This *Testo* knew, and oft' he'd Write,
To *Read* or *Mist* in Black and White ;
Beseeching them to Advertize
In Letters of *Knight Maltese* size,

That

The Lady of Brumpton. 3

That since strong Fate had pass'd her Word,
He thou'd not fall by *Dint of Sword*,
And in the *Bed of Battle* loose
What he must part with in a *Noose*;
To *Kath'rine* be this Story told,
In *Journal* large of Seven Days old,
And in right rueful Ballad sung,
To move the *Stones*, and *kill the Throng*.

So meant the *Knight*, but *Humbert* who
Each Step, and part of *Loving* knew,
Who from his Infant State had led
His Life with him, his *Squire* bred,
The Letter thought the only Art,
Next Hanging, for a Love-shot Smart;
The *Knight*, with much ado he bent,
To quit the Pendulous intent;
And as he scarce had Writ and Seal'd
Sir Testo's Flame for *Kath'rine* Field,

4 *The Lady of Brumpton.*

Old *Sawntry Longtail*, who had been
A Mare of Proof on erranting,
Was Saddled in her best Array,
And *Humbert* leapt the *Gallant Grey*.

To *Kathrine's* Hands, O! Hands so White,
As *Juno's* Milk that streaks the Night;
Or *Leda's* Swans, or *Nestor's* Hairs,
In all the Bleachment of his Years,
The faithful Squire in Manner bold,
Gave *Testo's* Letter fring'd with Gold:
The broken Seal in Language pure,
Spoke all his Grief and all his Cure.
The bright *Didonian Dame*, in vain
Surveys the Lovely Pledge again :
The *Trojan's* Meaning she approv'd,
But in her self stood still unmov'd;
No Art, *said she*, (to let you learn
The Distance of my Love's Concern ;)

The Lady of Brumpton. 5

No Art of Man can ever draw
My Soul to break my *Father's Law*.
My Father on his Death-bed made
A lasting Will to be obey'd;
A Will, which whosoever tries,
And quits all Meanings otherwise,
Shall, if he Prosper, Freedom find,
And form my Manners to his Mind,

She said, and on the Paper drew
The long Contents of dreadful Hue ;
“ If you, *said she*, as you report,
“ Sir *Testo* Knight of *Maltan* sort,
“ To *Kath'rine Field* good Wishes bear,
“ And wou'd her Love and Fortune share,
“ Confide no more in Valour's Spright,
“ Nor boast your Deeds of *Maltan* Might;
“ Nor send your *Trophy Horse* of State,
“ With humble Summons to our Gate;

“ But

6 *The Lady of Brumpton.*

“ But ply your Wit and there engage,

“ In splendid **Stile** of Title Page,

“ By *Jacob Tonson* set in Print,

“ And Publish'd with the Towns Consent;

“ That you the reason can display,

“ Why *Oxen Low* and *Affes Bray*?

“ Why *Fools*, (for so observe the *Wise*)

“ Like that, at which another Cries?

“ If these you answer, be assur'd,

“ By the good Metal of your Sword;

“ By Bed and Board and Knightly Cheer,

“ Which you shall find the Happy Heir,

“ I *Kath'rinc*, *Dame of Wealth*, allow

“ To be thy Wife by Marriage Vow.

From *Brumpton-Hall*, with Leave genteel,
He Spurr'd his Nag of Leaden Heel,
And came as fast as Legs cou'd bear
To *Testo*, sad in Elbow-Chair;

The Lady of Brumpton. 27

In frightful Mood the Knight espy'd,
A Gorgon's Head on ev'ry side;
Here *Fear* and *Hope* with *Rival Train*,
The *bold of Honour*, fought to gain;
And Joyous each at what was there,
As time gave place for *Hope* or *Fear*,
They each with brandish'd Cudgel high,
About the other's Ears let fly.
A Blow full strong *bold Fear* assay'd,
Which happen'd right on t'other's Head;
And with the mighty Stroke of Skill,
Hope stagger'd thrice and down he fell.
The Knight of Fat *Falstaffian* size,
All troubled at the dread Surprise,
And tot'ring with his Champions weight,
Who fell full forward as he sat,
From forth his *Elbow-Castle* Swoon'd,
And bump'd his Belly on the Ground.

8 *The Lady of Brumpton.*

Long had he lay'd in plightful Scene,
Had not good *Humbert* ready been,
Who hearing Squawl of deep deplore,
And spying *Testo* on the Floor,
With much ado, and many a Strain,
He sat him in his Chair again.

- “ O Knight, *said Humbert*, now I know
“ The *Brumpton Belle* will fall to you ;
“ The *Delphian God*, whose *Maltan Son*,
“ You ev'ry Heart and Tongue shall own ;
“ The *Sphinxian Riddle* shall reveal,
“ And rivet Wit in *Mars's Steel* ;
“ The *God of Arms*, and *Wars stern Pride*,
“ But girds the Buckler to your Side ;
“ The *Mantuan Bard* to you but brings
“ The Pen of Verse, and Flight of Wings ;
“ On you, by turns, they both attend,
“ And none but I can call you Friend.

The Lady of Brumpton. 9

“ Be *Brumpton-Hall* thy Rent-free Dome,

“ Be *Kath’rine* thine, and *Kath’rine’s* Home;

“ Be Bed and Board, and all the Fare

“ Of *Kath’rine’s* House, by which I swear,

“ Thy purchas’d Due and Right of Hold,

“ For *Will* obey’d, and Riddles told.

“ Why Oxen Low, O *Maltan* hear!

“ Is Matter of the smallest care;

“ When empty Belly pains the Beast,

“ And long Impatience is encreas’d;

“ When grumbling Gut with Squawmish

“ Grunt,

“ Puts them in mind of what they want,

“ ’Tis then the Horn of needful Cry,

“ Declares the lack of quick Supply;

“ And when the Glutton Dish is set,

“ And Paunch is full, and Whistle wet,

10 *The Lady of Brumpton.*

“ And all their due Allowance spent,

“ The Bawl is husht and all's content.

“ Why Asses Bray ? O Knight ! is sure

“ Of Wonder, and Importance more ;

“ Of more Importance is his Cry,

“ Then Oxens Low, O Low so high !

“ Be thou, O Beast ! Of better sort :

“ Thou Fellow of the Kingliest Court,

“ Thou Emblem of the City's State,

“ Thou *Lady fair*, and *Gown-man* great,

“ To thee the *Physick Patient* prays,

“ When Foggs arise, thy Voice to raise ;

“ When Weather wet, the *Fop* detains

“ From Park or Ring in dirty Chains ;

“ When in his Chamber he must hide

“ His Leg of Shape, and Cloaths of Pride,

“ Thy welcome Clamours thou dost make,

“ And draws him forth from Chimney black ;

“ The

The Lady of Brumpton. 11

“ The Pthyfick Breath makes freer flow,
“ And throng the *Park*, and drefs the *Beau* ;
“ ‘Fore change of Seasons then thy Voice,
“ Or makes us trouble or rejoyce.

“ When *Kath’rine* this to you shall put
“ In proper Place, and proper Lot ;
“ Why Laughs the *Fool* when Nature drys,
“ Of lavish Tears the *wiser Eyes* ?
“ Say, I the Lord of *Chivy-Chafe*,
“ Sir *Testo*, of *Knight Maltan Race*,
“ To *Kath’rine Field* my Mistress kind,
“ As by her *Father’s Will* enjoyn’d,
“ Own that fuch Laughter do’s proceed
“ From want of Wit, *when void of need* :
“ And he that when he’s caufe to cry,
“ Will Laugh, and cannot tell for why,
“ By Reason’s Laws, and Nature’s Rule,
“ But Laughs becaufe he is a Fool.

12 *The Lady of Brumpton.*

“ The Question then but only trys
“ The Foolish Laugher from the *Wife*;
“ And he that Laughs, or wrong or right,
“ Is judg'd a *Scholar* or a *Wight*.

“ O *Humbert*! cry'd the Knight, my Friend,
“ And kind preventer of my End;
“ How shall my Praise enough be fraught
“ With Payment for thy happy Thought?
“ From Pawn redeem my Stirrups gilt,
“ From Ufurer's Trunk my Fauchion Hilt;
“ Bring my good Sword, with which I slew
“ Old *Punking Blake* and *Fryar Hugh*;
“ And Spurs, and Gauntlet, which I wore
“ At Tilting-Match on *Marston-Moor*;
“ And Wicker-Boots and Cap of Steel,
“ From *Brougest* at the *Branchen Mill*,

“ Let

The Lady of Brumpton. 131

- " Let *Sawntry Longtail* once more be
" Equipt in Pomp, and Trappings gay ;
" An Ounce of Pepper-corns bestow,
" To cock her Tail and make her go ;
" And half a Peck of Horfe-beans put,
" (*Long absent comfort*) in her Gut,

The waiting'Squire, with ready haste,
Anew the *Water-Wagtail* drest,
And all to *Testo's* Order brought
The Four-leg'd *Rosalind* a Trot :
Up mounts the Knight, and on he went
To *Brumpton-Hall*, with *Humbert* sent
Before, in *Malta's Mood* to tell
The *Wishing Lady* what befel :
The *Wishing Lady* order'd strait,
Her ready Chariot to the Gate,

Her

14 *The Lady of Brumpton.*

Her Chariot she and *Testo* lin'd,
And honest *Humbert* rid behind :
To Church, thro' many a Street they pass'd,
And gain'd the happy Place at last.

But how, when Marriage-Rights were o'er,
Was throng'd the Church and Chariot Door ?
How fine the Wedding-Feast was set ?
And how the *Knight of Malta* eat ?
How good the Ball ? And how at Night,
To Chamber brought in order bright ?
And many Things right worth Renown,
As Gantlet run, and Stocken thrown,
And Posset made of strengthening Juice,
And other Things of mighty use ;
Which to the *Epic Strain* belong,
The *Artless Muse* must leave unsung.

F I N I S.

